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The Nightingale.

(Imitated from the Italian of Francesco di Lemene.)

Sweet Philomela, lovely, hapless maiden,
Death at her heart, with wrong and insult laden,
Wept, crushed by sorrows all too much for woman;—
Great Jove, that bitter grief from heaven behold-
ing,
Pitied, and took away her semblance human,
In a bird's form the sweet, sad soul enfolding.
One eve, Love, o'er a leafy woodland winging,
Heard a rich lay, far through the forest ringing,
And pausing, with the mellow song enchanted,
Beheld lone Philomela among the roses;
To rival Jove's sweet miracle Love panted,
So caught ere died her golden closes,
And gave her Lilla's form, alluring maiden,
With gift of soulful song divinely laden!

FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

Thayer's Life of Beethoven*.

(Translated for this Journal from the Leipzig Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung.)

In the composition of a book about a great artist or his life—if by accurate study of sources and thoughtful criticism of results the book undertakes to be conclusive in some definite direction—there are various things to be considered. In the first place the relative importance of the artist himself; then the circumstances under which he came into the world and which had an influence on his development; then the question, what has been already communicated respecting him, and whether these previous communications have any claim to real scientific worth and credibility, or whether they contain much that is false, whereby a distorted light has been shed over him. According to circumstances, therefore, the description of an artist's life may be made short and concise, or long and entering into a thousand details.

In regard to BEETHOVEN the case stands thus: In the first place we have here to do with an artist of the very first rank, who on the one hand, at the very sight of his person, offers the psychologist the most difficult problems and gives him a host of at least seeming contradictions to solve; while, on the other hand, by his rich relations to the outer world, by his connections and intercourse with persons in high position he presents a mass of interesting matter which does not come into the account with other artists. In the second place there are already current about him a multitude of shorter and longer communications, which taken together are unsatisfactory. Yet it must be admitted that the notices of Wegeler and Ries, little as they aimed at completeness, and much as the anecdotal character prevails in them, especially in the second part, gave, of all that had yet appeared, the most reliable information and the best picture of Beethoven. Seyfried's meagre communications are scarcely

worth mentioning; but even Schindler's Biography is only in so far trustworthy as it concerns the Beethoven whom Schindler had personally known and with whom he had had intercourse. Moreover it is distinguished by a truly bewildering want of order in the laying out and presentation of the subject. Lenz has given himself much pains with regard to the chronology of the works; but he lived too far away from the places where reliable information could be got on many points, and he made his books unenjoyable through the bombast of his fantastical mania for exposition. Marx ensnared himself in philosophical æsthetic phrases, and the Ariadne's thread, that should have helped him out of his self-made labyrinth, slipped thereby through his hands. At the same time he neglected all careful study of sources, even where they lay right before his nose, and so he heaped up a mass of errors and imperfect statements in regard to facts, which could only beget new confusion. Finally Nohl—to name him also—had actually availed himself of certain sources, passing others by, and bridged over all the holes and chasms of his material with pictures of his fancy, with questionable hypotheses, unmeaning phrases, and odd speculations. And here we must not pass by the fact in silence, that he has taken many of his communications from an earlier English essay of our Thayer (*Atlantic Monthly*, 1858), which he knew from a French translation. Of the deluge of pamphlets we of course say nothing.

When now a man like A. W. THAYER, born in a foreign quarter of the globe, belonging to an entirely different calling than to that of Art, undertakes, with a thousand sacrifices in time, labor and money, after long years of indefatigable researches, in which no source of information anywhere to be found remains unused, to clear up all the chaos, to put aside all that is false or uncertain, or at least honestly designate it as such, and so present us with a "Life" of Beethoven, showing us the person of the master in an unsifted light, neither flattered nor perverted, such an undertaking must, as we believe, be met by the lively gratitude of the artistic world. And with this gratitude will be coupled joyful greeting on the part of musical criticism, all the more heartily when it perceives what a warm reverence for the master, and what a simple, unsophisticated striving after truth has guided the author's pen in every line. When, furthermore, the book appears and through the mouth of the (German) translator, in full understanding of course with the author, declares beforehand, that it merely wishes to present the materials, in as pure a state as possible, for the future expounder of Beethoven's artistic labors, then may we not require that criticism speak with the tone of trust and high esteem of such a thankworthy effort?

The biographer of Beethoven cannot help it, that the master, who lived and died in Vienna, passed his childhood and youth far away from there in the Electoral capital of Bonn; that it is just this youthful period over which lay the great-

est want of clearness; that all the books hitherto have furnished only unsatisfactory or false accounts of it.

Hence what we should blame in a biography of any other master, these exceedingly minute and copious details of time and place, this reaching so far back into times when the artist's grandfather first began an humble career as musician; this documentary presentation of many circumstances related even though remotely to the main matter,—all this in the present case we may consider justified, nay entitled to our thanks, because just here the circumstances are different from what they are in a hundred other cases.

The volume before us contains first of all two Prefaces in the form of letters: The Author to the Translator, and the Translator to the Author, neither of which is to be overlooked, since they show the mutual relation of the two, as well as their common standpoint towards the given material. From them we learn that the (German) translator, who lives in Bonn, has in many points completed and enriched the author's labor by additions of his own. It also appears from the latter part of his letter, that he is still more decidedly than the author of the opinion, that the biography of an artist is not finished with a correct description of his life alone, be it ever so thorough and reliable. We have here the recognition of a principle which we have always represented, and which all the more naturally had to be represented by the Translator, since he has himself taken part in Art criticism, a thing entirely foreign to the Author.

The book before us is only the first volume. How many volumes the whole work will form, we are not told; and probably for peculiar reasons the number could not be absolutely fixed, although the author, to all appearances, has his material fully collected. The contents of this first volume are divided into three books, of which the first is headed: "Music and Musicians in Bonn from 1689 to 1784." It contains six chapters: 1) The Electorate of Cologne. Joseph Clement. 2) Clement Augustus and his Capelle. Ludwig van Beethoven (the grandfather). 3) Maximilian Frederic and his court musicians. 4) Continuation of the accounts of music and musicians under Max Frederic. 5) Max Frederic's National Theatre. 6) Musical personalities of Bonn. The city in the year 1770.—This first Book fills 80 pages, a space which will not be found excessive, if we consider that we have here to do, not with secondary matters, superfine distinctions about Westphalians and Rhinelanders (*à la Nohl*), or politico-social expositions, but with music, with that musical institution and those persons to whom Beethoven was to owe his first impulses, his first instruction and furtherance. It certainly is not a matter of indifference, to know how that Art institute arose, and what its character, at which Beethoven afterwards, playing the viola in its orchestra, was to get familiar with the most important operas of that time; to form a nearer acquaintance with

* Ludwig van Beethoven's Leben, von Alexander Wheelock Thayer. Nach dem Original Manuscript deutsch bearbeitet, [von Dr. H. Dalters]. First Volume, Berlin, F. Schneider.

the musicians who helped build it up, with the princes whose taste determined the spirit in which it was conducted, not to speak of that more general sort of culture which was prepared and furthered through the National Theatre and therefore through the condition of poetry in Bonn. It certainly seems to us too, that a far clearer picture of those times and circumstances is given by the printing of old documents, than by description and narration.

With the Second Book, which occupies 147 pages, and is superscribed: "Beethoven in Bonn, 1770 to 1792," our master himself enters into the narrative. It contains 13 chapters: 1) The Beethoven Family. 2) Beethoven's Childhood. 3) Instruction under Neefe. The Boy's Talent made a Source of Income. 4) Elector Max Francis. 5) Max Francis and Music. The Court Capelle in the year 1784. 6) Further Destinies of Beethoven. His visit to Vienna. 7) The Breuning family. Count Waldstein. Domestic affairs. 8) The National Theatre under Max Francis. 9) Repertoire of the Electoral National Theatre. 10) Musical events and Anecdotes. 11) Supplementary about Persons and Society. Departure from Bonn. 12) What did Beethoven compose in Bonn? 13) The Theatre and Music in Bonn again. The curtain falls.

Of the Third Book, which is to contain Beethoven's first Vienna period (1792 to 1800), this Volume gives us (in 48 pages) the first three chapters: 1) Beethoven in Vienna. Studies with Haydn and Albrechtsberger. 2) Music in Vienna in the year 1793. 3) Beethoven's appearance as Virtuoso and Composer. An Appendix (of 83 pages) then gives a number of documents, which found no room in the text, and a couple of *excursus* by the translator.

For this whole period the author had at his command, besides the most careful use of the earlier, often very remote literature, a series of new and hitherto unused sources, which we will here specify. In the first line stand the Provincial Archives in Düsseldorf, which possess most of the Acts and Documents of the Electorate of Cologne, especially those which relate to music; these were for the first time fully explored and turned to account, first by Thayer, and afterwards by Deiters, for this volume. To these are joined a series of periodical writings of those days, among which we may name the *Bonner Anzeigen* and *Intelligenzblätter* of the last century, the *Vienna Zeitung*, *Court-calender*, *Text-books*, &c.; also the old church books of Bonn are employed for the purpose of fixing dates when required. Beethoven's own notes have furnished the author already in this volume with various interesting material; especially worth mention is the little *Day-book* about the journey to Vienna and the first days there. Besides all this, the author has not shrunk from the often onerous trouble of personal inquiry, through which he has got at some exceedingly important communications concerning the remote Bonn period. Finally with the new sources must be reckoned the notes, published in the Appendix by Deiters, of an old Herr Fischer, who died recently in Bonn, in whose house the Beethoven family resided a long time; from these, with careful use, we get on the whole a faithful and extremely life-like picture of the Beethovens' parental house, which heretofore was wanting.

One sees already by this enumeration, that the

author has not shrunk from the most remote and unfrequented paths in order to get track of the truth. To be sure, one who simply wants to read for entertainment, will find himself deterred by such a heaping up of documents; but one who cares to get a clear and truthful picture of the case, will find real satisfaction in documents thus speaking for themselves.

[The article ends with specimens of the *new matter* which Thayer's book contains, some of which we propose to translate, yielding to the eager curiosity of our readers; although it will be an awkward and a thankless task to translate back into English that which was originally written in English, and which is bound to appear at last in the author's own vernacular.—ED.]

Joseph Louis D'Ortigue.

[From the London Orchestra.

For the last forty years the French art and church papers have teemed with contributions both curious and interesting, on a system of music affirmed to be both artistic and scientific, but peculiar to the offices of religion, and in no way connected with the vernacular language of the present day. The ordinary rule, with respect to religious music is a simple one. As to science, music being founded on unvarying rules, recognized by science, there cannot be one science for the church and another for the world. As to art, the best of its kind, its highest development, is that which alone can be considered classical, and there cannot be one degree for the church and another for the world. The only proper distinction, therefore, peculiar to religious music, is that of the *spirit*, expressive of the feelings of the human being engaged in its highest and noblest employment of worshipping the Creator. The theory to which we have been alluding is quite opposed to this definition of religious music. It maintains that the ordinary language-rhythms now prevalent, from the alliance of music with the language of every-day life, are totally out of place in music for the Sanctuary; that the common and well known keys in modern music are not the collocation of tones insisted upon by the practice of the church; that the church has its own peculiar artistic gamuts, giving rise to chords and progressions unknown to the outward world, or if known, forbidden by all rational artists; and that it is the duty of all church composers, properly so called, to study this system of venerable art-song, as being the only legitimate expression of what is called the voice of the church in music. The leading advocate of this system is just dead, departing from this life at Paris, about a month ago. He was the well-known Joseph Louis D'Ortigue, for many years a lawyer and judge, and afterwards musician, *littérateur*, and art-critic. Articles from his prolific pen are to be found in almost every Parisian journal of repute, but the work by which his name will live will be found in the great "Dictionnaire de l'Abbé Migné." For this voluminous and comprehensive church lexicon M. D'Ortigue supplied nearly all the articles on the subject of church music. The one object of his life was that of plain chant and the music of the middle ages. He was the great advocate and benign critic of all the publications by Coussemaker, Le Père Lambilliot, L'Abbé de Lamennais, and other revivalists of the ancient tones. At the instigation of M. Guizot, he wrote his celebrated Essay on the Music of the middle Ages, which procured him the professorship of plain chant at the college of Henri Quatre, and led to his appointment as one of the commissioners of inquiry into the robberies of the manuscripts from the Royal Library.

In 1856 M. D'Ortigue sent forth to the public his peculiar theory of accompanying the Gregorian chants; a theory which gave rise to much discussion, being strongly disapproved by those who professed to have ears, but much exalted by those who did not mind being laughed at for having no ears at all. He failed to put out the fact

that the musical system of the ancient church is that of a system of tetrachords, or series of four sounds, and not a system of octaves. That the outside sounds of each tetrachord are unchangeable, but the two inside sounds are so; and that upon these facts grew out the system of octaves known as the church tones. The school of the *alla capella* is not a system of every sound in the gamut bearing its own chord, but a consideration of the sounds in the octave, divided first arithmetically, and then harmonically; and allowing for the change of the two inside tones of the tetrachord.

The efforts of M. Choron for the revival of the *alla capella* music in Paris were much in unison with the feeling of M. D'Ortigue, and received his highest commendation. But M. D'Ortigue did not confine his pen to church music. He wrote upon the organists, Lefebvre-Wely, J. N. Lemmens, M. Boëly, and others; upon the operas of Rossini, the "Troyens" of Hector Berlioz, and upon the operas of Meyerbeer. The gatherings up by Meyerbeer of the weird-like snatches from the tones of the old-world music proved specially grateful to the mediæval mind of our art-critic, who thrilled with delight when hearing the unearthly chant of the Three Imposters in the "Prophète;" and, during the life of its composer, M. D'Ortigue was one of the foremost in heaping adulatory paragraphs upon the laurel brow of this distinguished man. Upon the death of Meyerbeer, M. D'Ortigue wrote a remarkable eulogy on the character and works of his hero, whom he describes as passing a life of incessant labor, achieving a glorious career, evidencing a genius the lustre of which no length of time could imperil or diminish. But "a living dog is better than a dead lion," and scarce had a year elapsed when M. D'Ortigue qualified his former expressions by stating what he really thought, and what he requested the public to take as his real opinion. "Meyerbeer's genius," he wrote, "was not that of the first order. He has none of that divine fire which enits the generous and fruitful heat calling into life and being such melodies as those of Mozart, Beethoven, and Rossini. There is no pure gold about the man, and his own conscience is always secretly warning him of the insufficiency of his funds. As he deceives others, so he deceives himself by his subterfuges, *ruses*, and trickeries. He was by nature timid, ever doubting and fearing; he never risked anything, never struck unless sure of his blow, and never gave himself headway unless all was prepared for a certain success. The time is now come," says M. D'Ortigue, "in which I may speak out plainly, and I speak out in this way because it is the first time that I have been at liberty to do so, and I profit by the opportunity. When an artist spends his life in gathering flatterers around him, it is only becoming that the ministers of justice should pronounce sentence and a true verdict over his body."

We believe this last opinion of M. D'Ortigue upon Meyerbeer to be sincere, and one which nothing but the liberal hand of Meyerbeer kept from the public so long as the composer lived.

M. D'Ortigue stands amongst the first and foremost admirers of the genius of Charles Gounod. In 1855 he wrote in raptures of his "Sanctus," describing it as a *moreau* of grand and high inspiration, and on the production of the "St. Cecilia Mass" by this composer, M. D'Ortigue issued a careful and elaborate analysis, commending the greater part thereof in strong and eulogistic terms. He objected, however, to the short, dry, and energetic way in which the choir were required to utter the word *Pax*, in the Gloria. He says that the composer gave out the word *Pax* after the ordinary fashion of the crier in a court of justice calling out "Silence;" and that it was strictly an obedience to the very letter of the command of the Psalmist, "Bene psallite ei in vociferatione."

Among other essays by M. D'Ortigue, may be perused, with much pleasure and profit, those on the "Te Deum," "Requiem," and the "Christus," in three parts, of Hector Berlioz, and the "Christmas Carols" of Saboly, so well edited by M. F. Sequin. M. D'Ortigue was born in 1802.

The Musical Year 1866 of Paris.

To begin with the Grand Opera. During the commencement of the year the star of the "Africaine" was still in the ascendant, and on the 9th of March, that is, within ten months and a half of its first production, it reached its hundredth performance. The "Huguenots" took more than three years, "Guillaume Tell" more than five, "Lucia" six years and a half, and "La Favorite" eight years, to arrive at the same point. The merits of the work have been sufficiently discussed. The first novelty in the programme was the revival of Auber's "Le Dieu et La Bayadère," first given at the same house in 1830 with Nourrit, Milles, Noblet, Taglioni, Damoreau-Cinti, and the basso Levasseur, all then in their prime. The cast on the present occasion was painfully incompetent, and all the charming music the work contained could not obtain more than a *succès d'estime*. This occurred at the end of January. The second of April brought us the second edition of "Don Juan" (for the first see notice on the Italiens). The work was respectably executed; only the two victims, Donna Anna and Donna Elvira were too short and too fat, and the joyous Zerlina was simply the definition of a line—length without breadth. Faure (*Don Juan*) and Odín (*Leporello*) were the only good exponents of their roles, for the *Don Ottavio* as an actor added an additional amount of water to the original "sky-blue" character of the part. Mlle. Mauduit made a first debut in "La Juive" about the same time, and showed us what she might be able to do were she kept a year longer at school. Next came an administrative affair; a decree, announcing that the Opera was no longer to form part of the Maison de l'Empereur, and was to be handed over, under certain conditions, to the tender mercies of a private speculator. The subvention was raised to the sum of nine hundred and twenty thousand francs (about £37,000). Many aspired to the management, but the real contest was between MM. Perrin and Roqueplan, and the former was successful. A reprise of "Giselle" (ballet), and of "La Juive" (why call it a *reprise*?), was of no importance, and the only real novelty introduced during the year was a ballet "La Source," in three acts and four tableaux, by MM. Nutter and St. Léon: the music of the first and fourth tableaux by M. Minkons, that of the second and third by M. Leo Deliber. This was a quasi-success, but did not hold its ground firmly. The idea of sharing the music between two composers was bad, and the dancers were not the *deus ex machina*. Thus we have two acts of ballet as the year's doings at a theatre whose manager is bound to produce at least one grand opera, and another in two acts, and one grand and one small ballet in the year. I quote the *cahier des charges* from memory, but fear that the actual stipulations are more than what I mention—I am sure they are not less.

The Opera Comique went gaily on its "Voyage en Chine" until Feb. 5th, when "Fior d'Aliza," taken from Lamartine's novel of the same name, music by M. Victor Massé, was produced. Notwithstanding the evident defects of the poem, defects which consisted more in the use of situations already known and well treated by other composers than in any absolute "badness" of construction, M. Massé's charming music would have insured a success had it been better interpreted. But with a cold tenor like M. Achard (a "stick" is, I believe, the proper term), and with a *première chanteuse* like Mme. Vandenneuvel Duprez, who is, I willingly allow, a first-rate singer, but for musicians only, and whose voice never crosses the footlights, what can be the result? M. Massé's half-failure was more honorable to him than many brought-about and brought-up successes; and he may console himself with the thought that he has "musical baggage" enough to be able to afford one. Flotow's "Zilda," a pretty, sparkling work, was given in May, and pleased greatly. June brought us an enlarged edition of Gounod's "La Colombe," a charming opera already produced at Baden-Baden in 1861. "José Maria," set to music by M. Jules Cohen, came in July—a bad piece and "imitative" music, not without some musicianly talent, was the general verdict. August brought us Mehl's "Joseph," more an oratorio than an opera, much less opera-comique—a revival attended with great success, thanks to the beautiful music and the good interpretation. Next came M. Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon," so lately noticed in these pages that I need but mention its name; and with the remark that an opera in three acts, by M. Victor Massé, provisionally entitled "Le Fils du Brigadier" is in active rehearsal, I may close my notice on the doings of the past year at the Salle Favart. Total: six operas, seventeen acts.

At the Lyrique I must begin with the mention of "La Fiancée d'Abydos," four acts, by M. Jules Adenis, music by M. A. Barthe. This was given on 30th December, 1865, but almost belongs to this year's

history. A poem lengthened out from an one act cantata produced a distressing effect. The music deserved a better fate: M. Barthe has only to get hold of a real piece to show what he can do. In May we had the third and best edition of the three "Don Juans" in the field. Execution and ensemble splendid, and an orchestra such as no other theatre in Paris can boast of. The "Joyeuses Commères di Windsor," by Nicolai, produced at the end of the same month was very coldly received. June: "Le Sorcier," of a softening-of-the-brain tendency, and "Les Dragées de Suzette," a neat little work, were given a few days before the house closed for its annual *congé*.

Operations were resumed in August with "Marta" and Mlle. Nilsen, who by the way will leave us soon for a two years' engagement at 15,000 francs a month with Mapleson; at least, so they say. "Don Juan" and "Marta" (with an occasional performance of "Rigoletto," "Violetta" or "Richard") held the *affiche* until the 9th December, when an arrangement of "Der Freyschütz" was given with immense success, and will probably have a great run. Total, 5 operas, 11 acts.

The Italian season, which had commenced in October, 1865, was continued by the production of Mercadante's "Leonora" which was but coldly received. A ballet, "Gli Elementi," a *divertissement* by St. Léon, music by Pugnani, came next, and once more proved how hopeless was the attempt made by the gentlemanly but obstinate manager to render ballet an accepted institution in this theatre. On the first of March "Don Juan" No. 1 was "executed" in every sense of the word. A revival of the "Puritani" with Mlle. Patti as Elvira was a great attraction, and one of the best performances of the season. "La Fida zanza Valacca" was received in much the same way as the ballet noted above. "L'Italiana in Algeri" was revived in April for the debuts of Mlle. Mela, the "woman-tenor." This was a decided and well-deserved failure, and all the public's applause was reserved for Scialese and Agnesi, who bore their trials with exemplary fortitude. The theatre closed on the 5th of May with a performance of "Il Casino di Campagna," music by the father of the illustrious phenomenon just mentioned above; this was a sad close to a generally good season. The troupe was excellent and include La Patti, Mmes. de la Grange, Vitali, Penco, Grossi Calderon, Zeise, &c., MM. Fraschini, Brignoli, Delle Sedie, Graziani, Agnesi, Zucchini, Scialese, Selva Verger, &c. The usual repertoire, such as "Il Barbiere," "Rigoletto," "Trovatore," &c., was given in addition to the novelties mentioned above.

The theatre was re-opened October the 3rd with "La Sonnambula" interpreted by La Patti, MM. Nicolini and Verger. A great success for the lady and the baritone. Mlle. Lagrua made a deep impression in "Norma," and the fine tragic sentiment she displayed deserved the hearty and frequent encouragement it received. Then came a course of influenza which proved disastrous to the repertoire; and for some weeks everything went wrong. "Don Pasquale" gave M. Ketten the chance of a debut—the result was unimportant. Then came (Nov. 27) the turn of Pacini's "Saffo" for Mlle. Lagrua. The singer was superb, but the music commonplace and ineffective. "Ernani" for the debut of Mlle. Stais, an American lady with a splendid soprano, was well executed. Pancani was fair as Ernani, Cresci was a good *Carlo Quinto* and Agnesi gave an original and splendid reading of the part of the chivalrous *regliardo* Don Silca. "L'Elisir d'Amore" with La Patti, Nicolini, Agnesi and Zucchini, I noticed in my last, and so find myself *au pair* with my *compte rendu* of the Italiens.

With regard to the other lyric theatres—the Bouffes call for no particular mention; they have been half the year in Chancery, and have done but little during the rest of the time. I lately gave an account of the Fantaisies Parisiennes and its prosperity. The principal operas and operettas produced have been Hérolt's "Rosières" 3 a, "Les Folies Amoureuses" 2 a, "Le Maître de Chapelle," "Le Chevalier Lubin," "Le Chanteur Florentin," &c.

Of course I cannot undertake to send you a list of all the concerts given during the last season, but will just mention the principal séances. The Société des Concerts du Conservatoire hardly maintains its high reputation, but seems to be going to the bad. Pasdeloup is on the contrary gaining ground every day. The Brothers Müller, the quartet players, produced a great sensation here. The Concerts of the Athénée (noticed a week or two ago) are doing well; Haydn's "Seasons" were remarkably rendered by all concerned. "Elijah" and Costa's "Naaman" are in rehearsal. Among the concerts of Chamber music, those conducted by MM. Alard, Maurin, Armingaud, Lamoureux, and de la Nux rank amongst the best. M. Wekerlin's Société de Ste. Cécile, and M. Georges

Pfeiffer's concert, deserve special mention, and so does a séance given by M. Jacobi, first violin at the Opera; as for others their name is Legion.—*Corr. Orchestra*.

Mendelssohn's Greek Chorus Music.

In anticipation of the Concert for the Cretans (next Monday), the first part of which is to consist of music suggestive of the old classic glory of Greece, especially the *Edipus* chorus, we reproduce here a part of our record of the first public performance in this city (by the Orpheus Club, Dec. 19, 1857) of some of the noble music which Mendelssohn set to two of the tragedies of Sophocles. Our Cretan programme, to be more complete, should have contained all three of the choruses then given; but that would have left no room for the other parts, equally suggestive, the one of modern Greece as overrun by Turks, the other (Fifth Symphony) of the great hope of Freedom, the struggle and the triumph.

The features of the most intrinsic interest, as well as novelty, were the Choruses from the Greek tragedies, composed by Mendelssohn. We know no finer compositions for men's voices. Certainly our German Clubs have sung no other comparable to them. The ordinary *part-song* is a much smaller, humbler affair—simply, as its name denotes, a *song*, harmonized in four parts. But these Greek choruses are themes worked up, for single and double choir, with as much art and completeness, only not in the fugue form, (for the Fugue is Gothic, Christian, and not Greek), as the choruses in great oratorios. The poetic text demanded no less. Of course the problem with Mendelssohn was not and could not be to compose music that should be Greek; what was practicable was, to wed the noble words to music equally noble and expressive. A dignified, highly learned, as well as sympathetically poetic style was indispensable; and in these special choruses at least Mendelssohn has answered these requirements as happily and nobly as in any of his best works that are better known. They should have been heard with orchestra, of course, to have their full effect; but the elaborate accompaniments were made to yield the *gist* of their meaning by the fine piano-playing of Otto Dresel assisted by Mr. Leonhard. They would have derived more impressiveness, too, from a larger choir; and above all, from the theatrical completeness with which they were brought out, according to the original design, in Germany. Then the entire Greek tragedy was acted on the stage, with all its *paradoi* and *episodions*, and choregraphical manœuvres, circlings, and crossings of the chorus, &c. In short, the attempt was made, with all the means of the King of Prussia, and the classical lore of German Greek professors, to reproduce as closely as possible the whole machinery and method of the old Greek stage. Only music, which the Greeks had not, and for which their rude chant had to suffice, was here for the first time by modern art supplied.

We suppose the "Bacchus" Chorus pleased the greater number by its fiery fortissimo. We were most interested in the chorus from the *Edipus Coloneus*. It is where the chorus (of old Athenians) welcome the blind, old, wandering king, led by his daughter Antigone, to Attica. A plain word-for-word version, such as we find in Bohn's Library, gives a better notion of the words than the rhymed paraphrase that was printed in the programme. Here it is:

Strophe.—Thou hast come, O stranger, to the seats of this land, renowned for the steed; to seats the fairest on earth, the chalky Colonus; where the vocal nightingale, chief abounding, trills her plaintive note in the green dells, tenanted the dark-hued ivy and the leafy grove of the god, untrodden, teeming with fruits, impervious to the sun, and unshaken by the winds of every storm; where Bacchus, the reveler, ever roams attending his divine nurses.

Antistrophe.—And ever day by day the narcissus, with its beauteous clusters, bursts into bloom by heaven's dew, the ancient coronet of the mighty goddesses, and the saffron with golden ray; nor do the sleepless founts of Cephissus that wander through the fields fail, but ever each day it rushes o'er the plains with

its limpid wave, fertilizing the bosom of the earth; nor have the choirs of the muses loathed this clime; nor Venus, too, of the golden reign.

Strophe.—And there is a tree, such as I hear not to have ever sprung in the land of Asia, nor in the mighty Doric island of Pelops, a tree unplanted by hand, of spontaneous growth, terror of the hostile spear, which flourishes chiefly in this region, the leaf of the pale gray olive that nourishes our young. This shall neither any one in youth nor in old age, marking for destruction, and having laid it waste with his hand, bring to nought; for the eye that never closes of Morian Jove regards it, and the blue-eyed Minerva.

Antistrophe.—And I have other praise for this mother-city to tell, the noblest gift of the mighty divinity, the highest vaunt, that she is the great of chivalry, renowned for the steed and famous on the main; for thou, O sovereign Neptune, son of Saturn, hast raised her to this glory, having first, in these fields, founded the bit to tame the horse; and the well-rowed boat, dashed forth by the hand, bounds marvellously through the brine, tracking on the hundred-footed daughters of Nereus.

After a few bars of bright and quickening prelude, one choir commences in unison the first strophe—a beautiful theme, that breathes the peace and stillness of the place (the sacred grove of the Eumenides) falling on the weary spirit of the exile—all in unison, until the full-chord burst on the high climax note in the last line. Again the bright phrase of the instruments (but with a difference), and the opposite choir takes up the same strain (lovely enough to be repeated) to the words of the antistrophe, while the accompaniment, before limited to plain chords, melts into soft and liquid divisions at the mention of the dew-besprinkled narcissus and Cephissus' stream. Then the accompaniment sets out in hurried triplets, the music grows excited, and the first choir sings, in harmony, a higher and a bolder strain, about that wondrous tree, the olive, glory of Athens, swelled at length by entrance of the other choir to eight-part harmony. This strain, too, is echoed by the second choir, hymning that "other praise"; the enthusiasm mounts higher and higher, till it reaches its climax in the address to Neptune, where both choirs unite in a fortissimo, with full force of the instruments, and the first tenors soar to high B flat, as if unconsciously borne up above themselves. The descent from this high pitch of exaltation is exquisitely managed by a sustained monotone of the voices through four long measures (on the dominant), whence they slowly drop to the octave, holding the note while the instruments ascend and trill into the key-note, finishing the whole into perfection of symmetry with a modification of the bright figures of the prelude.

Two choruses were sung from the *Antigone*, instead of one as in the programme. The Bacchus Chorus was preceded by another (unannounced, and so misleading many) to these words:

Strophe.—Many are the mighty things, and nought is more mighty than man. He even sails beyond the sea, when whitened into foam with the wintry south wind's blasts, passing amid the billows that roar around; and the supreme of divinities, immortal, undecayed Earth, he furrows, his plows circling from year to year, turning up her soil with the offspring of the steed.

Antistrophe.—And ensnaring the brood of light-minded birds, he bears them away as his prey and the tribes of the monsters of the wild, and the marine race of the deep in the invoven meshes of his nets, he, all-inventive man; and he masters by his devices the tenant of the fields, the mountain-ranging beast, and he will bring under the neck-encircling yoke the shaggy-maned horse, and the untameable mountain bull.

Strophe.—And he hath taught himself language and lofty wisdom, and the customs of civic law, and to avoid the cold and stormy arrows of uncomfortable frosts. With plans for all things, planless in nothing, meets he the future. Of the grave alone he shall not introduce escape; but yet he hath devised remedies against baffling disease. Having beyond belief a certain inventive skill of art, he at one time advances to evil and at another time to good. Observing the laws of the land, and the plighted justice of heaven, he is high in the state; but an outcast from the state is he, with whomsoever that which is not honorable resides by reason of audacity; neither may he dwell with me, nor have sentiments like mine, who acts thus.

The music to this is a sweet, tranquil, pensive *Andante con moto* in 6-8 measure; the voices for the most part in unison, the accompaniment in rich, smoothly-progressing harmony,—more figurative at the thought of the birds, &c., in the antistrophe—until the second strophe: "He hath taught himself language and lofty wisdom," where the strain becomes *pia mosso* and the voices part into harmony; strangely dark and thrilling is the modulation of the instruments at the thought of death! The same strain is worked up to the end with double chorus.

The Bacchus Chorus—fit conclusion to the concert—is more in the vein of the Wedding March, full of pomp and splendor, double chorus from the first, in full chords, in the triumphal key of D major, waxing ever stronger and louder, and whirling itself away one rapid blaze of many-voiced and brazen harmony. It is quite Bacchalian and Mænadie, and stirs the blood in the true temper of the fine last lines of the words:

Strophe.—O thou, who art hailed by many a name, glory of the Theban nymph, and son of deeply-thundering Jove, who swayest renowned India, and presidest o'er the rites of Ceres, in the vales of Eleusis, open to all! O Bacchus, who dwellest in Thebe, the mother city of the Bacchanals, by the flowing streams of Ismenus, and the fields where the teeth of the fell dragon were sown.

Antistrophe.—Thee the smoke beheld as it burst into flame above the double-crested rock, where roam the Corycian nymphs, the votaries of Bacchus, and the fount of Castalia flows; and thee the ivy-crowned steep of the Nysian mountains, and the green shore, with its many clusters, triumphant send along, amid immortal words, that hymn thy "Evoo."

Strophe.—To reign the guardian of the streets of Thebe, whom you honor highest of all cities, with your mother that perished by the thunder. And now, since the city with all its people is enthralled by a violent disease, come with healing steps, over the slopes of Parnassus, or the resounding gulf of the sea.

Antistrophe.—O leader of the choir of flame-breathing stars, director of the voices that sound by night, youthful god, son of Jove, reveal thyself along with thy ministering Mænads, the Naxian maids, who maddened through the live-long night, celebrate thee with the dance, thee their lord Iacchus.

Beethoven's Music to Kotzebue's "Ruins of Athens."

We printed a year ago in full Mr. G. A. Macfarren's description of this work. In further illustration of the Cretan Concert of next Monday, we recall what he says of the three selections embraced in the second part of the programme, beginning with the simple, touching Duet: "No end to sorrow," &c.

It is the lament of two Greek slaves for the fallen condition of their native land, whose fertile soil they are compelled to cultivate, although they cannot enjoy its fruits. The rugged, broken character of the opening bars suggests the feeling of despair with which a sensitive heart must collapse within itself, at sight of the desecration of all that is most beautiful in art, of all that is most worshipful in nature, at the degradation of humanity itself, which, at the time of Kotzebue and Beethoven, polluted the ground where Socrates and Phidias taught their deathless lesson to the world. This subsides into an expression of plaintive sadness, conveyed in a long, continuous, well-developed, clearly defined melody, of most touching pathos. Every phrase of this exquisite little movement calls forth an exclamation of delight, and its general effect sinks deep in the memory to leave an impression there that accumulating experience cannot qualify, that time cannot efface. To single out a point for especial eulogy from a surface of even loveliness, is as if to signalize the bluest spot in the expanse of heaven; yet, should we know where those we love abide, that portion of the impenetrable azure which we believe to cover them, will surely be to us the brightest; and thus if some portion of a work of art appeal more particularly than the rest to our individual sympathy, such portion will ever be prominent in its effect upon our feelings, while our judgment pronounces the merit of the whole to be equal. Such prominence, to my personal rather than to my critical appreciation, has the beautiful cadence commencing from a chord of the fundamental seventh upon A, where the responsive sighing of the two voices indicates the expression which nothing could more perfectly, more touchingly embody than the passage before us. One naturally wonders how it

can be that a piece so evidently written with the whole heart of the composer, and appealing direct from thence to the kindred feeling of all who hear it, should be so little known as still remains the Duet under notice; not to speak of the still-growing appreciation of the author; not to speak of the homage that is due to a great man of rendering the justice of our attention to all his works, to consider this Duet apart from Beethoven, and to regard it for its own particular merits alone, I cannot conceive why it is not in the possession of every one whose taste inclines to the higher, the intellectual style of music, and in constant requisition wherever such music is performed.

The following piece, the Chorus of Dervishes, is indeed better known; and its wonderfully graphic effect I believe widely appreciated. Here we have a party of the fanatic devotees of the Moslem faith chanting their wild song of adoration, accompanied with the frantic dance that is said to form a part of the ceremonial of their worship. Music presents nothing more strikingly characteristic than the uncouth melody that marks this truly extraordinary composition, and even this is more powerfully colored by the perfectly original and quite individual accompaniment that is maintained throughout.

The chant of the Dervishes consists of a most entirely singular melody, which is once repeated with the same words and then, after an equally individual symphony, that fully carries out the feeling of the vocal strain, resumed with some slight modifications to accommodate the extended metre of the verse, and prolonged with more than reduplicated power; and this second strophe, with the instrumental interlude, is also given twice,—then without coda and with only a few concluding bars, for the orchestra, the movement closes. The voices, tenors and basses only, sing in unison throughout, and the string instruments play ceaselessly in unison with them, save that in the accompaniment every crotchet is divided into a triplet of quavers, and there is no harmony throughout, in the interludal symphonies (wherein the only, and these though transient, very striking modulations from the original key of E minor occur) but only the peculiar counterpoint of the brass instruments, the limited scale of which necessitates the employment of the most strange and unusual combinations with the notes of the choral chant—hence arises a beauty out of the so-called imperfection of the natural capacity of the horn and trumpet, which the misnamed improvement of valves and keys, and piston, and what not, tend to annihilate, and thus to destroy all the individuality of character of those most prominent instruments, and so to nullify the very existence of orchestral coloring. The Chorus commences at a pianissimo, which gradually rises with the furious zeal of the singers to the utmost power of the voices and instruments, when, for the first time,—what—for the want of another technical definition—I have described as the counterpoint of the brass instruments, is introduced, and their fanatic fury reaches its climacteric, when on the high F the exclamation, "Great Prophet, hail!" is given with a preternatural ecstasy of fervor; the delirium that is here most forcibly depicted, gradually subsides, and the decrescendo that brings the movement to its conclusion, presents the exhaustion that is consequent upon such an exertion of all the mental and physical energies. Any, the greatest dramatic composer, might envy Beethoven such a subject for the exercise of one of his highest, most important qualities; but it is impossible to conceive the existence of such a genius as would not emulate in vain such a treatment of it as this, in which art supplants nature, or truth has so completely invested fiction with her own image, that we find the real and the ideal blent into one, and that one everything that can be imagined of perfection.

The Turkish March, that next follows, illustrates another phase of the oriental character with no less vivid picturesque and truly dramatic effect, than the preceding piece.

Bach's Works.

(From "JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH: his Life and Writings. Adapted from the German of C. L. HILGENFELD, with additions from other sources," as published in the London *Choir*.)

(Continued from page 385.)

Bach's organ compositions are divided into two classes—viz., such as are directly intended for the service of the Church and accompany part of the liturgy; and such as have not this special aim, but are simply of a sacred character. In the latter, to which the great Preludes, Toccatas, Fantasias, and Fugues belong, the creative power of the composer exhibits its greatest brilliancy, especially in the Fugue. In this style of writing Bach excels all other organ composers beyond comparison. His fugues exhibit all the conditions of form, and are complete in aesthetic and technical respects. The theme is full of sub-

stance, and each passage, as it follows, stands out in correct proportion to it. There is an easy and flowing melody in all the parts, and at the same time the most perfect freedom and variety of expression.

Bach's vocal compositions are chiefly for the Church. The high earnestness and the solemn dignity of expression required for this class of music, responded best to his ideas of the destiny of the art. The principal form of vocal Church music in Bach's time was the Motet—viz., the construction of a choral melody in any given part, such as the tenor or cantus, round which the other parts moved in counterpoint and fugue.* Bach ennobled the stiff form of this composition, and wrote many motets for the choir of the St. Thomas School. All these compositions require large bodies of voices for their effective performance.

Bach greatly improved recitative, as well as the construction of the aria. He wrote his recitatives precisely as he wished them to be sung, and paid great attention to a correct declamation. The aria was thought little of in Germany in Bach's time. Being originally of Italian origin, following upon the "monody," it was wanting in characteristic formation, although Scarlatti, and before him Carissimi, Legrenzi, and Rovetta, had taken much pains to improve it at the end of the seventeenth century. It was reserved for Scarlatti's pupils, Leo, Durante, and other members of the Neapolitan school, to bring it to perfection. Bach, however, working independently, as usual, created a peculiar style of aria which forms the basis of Mozart's "concerto-aria" style.

We have yet to speak of Bach's merits in the improvement of melody, and certainly his efforts were not unattended with success. Melody was neither a mere addition to harmony, nor harmony a mere servant to melody; but both elements possess in his works a just share of attention. It has been already said that Bach was continually trying to develop the great riches of harmony, but always through the aid and assistance of melody. Hence his always melodious vocal strains—the genuine "polyphony," as it appears in all his works written after his thirty-fifth year. In general, Bach's melodies bear the character of the uncommon, even of the strange, as all that which arises from the creative power of a great genius deviates from the common. A great part of the impressive beauty of Bach's melodies is owing to his great power over rhythm. Here the taste of his time came to his aid. The rhythmic part of music was then far more cultivated than at the present time. There was even a species of composition, the chief peculiarity of which consisted in the striking change of rhythm. We mean the so-called "Suites," and, afterwards (at a later date) the "Clavier Sonata." So, as in the region of harmony, it was in the formation of melody, Bach cut out his own path. Of course he owed the first impulse in the latter to the study of the French and Italian music, but the revolution, commenced in France and Italy, was seized by Bach with his strong hands and worked out independently of further aid. He followed his own ideas of the art, not caring for the opinions, nor for the transitory and superficial taste of the public. Forkel's remarks are very just:—"It is not a quality but rather a consequence of its qualities, that Bach's melody never grows old! It remains 'ever fair and young,' like Nature, from which it is derived. Everything that Bach mixed in his earlier works, conformably to the prevailing taste of his time, is now antiquated; but where, as in his later works, he has developed his melodies from the internal sources of the art itself, without any regard to the dictates of fashion, all is as fresh and as new as if it had been produced but yesterday. But very few compositions, equally old, will be found, of which anything similar can be said. Even the works of such ingenious composers as, for instance, Keiser and Handel have become antiquated sooner than might have been expected, and probably than the authors themselves believed.* As composers for the public in general, they were obliged to yield to the prevailing taste, and works of this kind last no longer than this taste. But nothing is more inconsistent and changeable than every description of popular taste, and in general whatever is called fashion."

(To be continued.)

* It has long been a disputed point as to what is the proper etymology of the word motet or motett. The usual derivation is from *motus*, movement; but long before the regular motet came into fashion there was a species of Church music in Biscant which was called *mutetus*. Each *mutetus* has its accompanying "tenor," usually with different words; the tenor being sometimes much shorter and probably repeated, to which the *mutetus* formed a counterpoint. It is pretty clear, then, that in this description of music we have the origin of the word motet, and also of tenor; the former being derived from *muto*, perhaps from the change in the words.

* This is true as regards Keiser, but only partly so as regards Handel. His operas are forgotten, but his oratorios will live for ever.

Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 2.—Of the first Cecilia Concert only the programme is enclosed; your correspondent was not present.

"Spring's Welcome." Poem by E. Geibel, Concerto for Chorus, op. 35. Gade.
Polonaise in E flat major, op. 22. Chopin.
Mr. G. Schneider.

Song for Basso. Ellikon.
"Die Birken und Erlen." (Birches & Alders). Max Bruch.
Mrs. Kitchell and Chorus.

Concerto for Violin. DeBeriot.
Mr. Eich.

Miriam's Song of Triumph, for Solo and Chorus. Schubert.
Mrs. Kitchell and Chorus.

The second concert took place Jan. 24th, and was a musical success. There were two pieces, but lately published, which the society owes to your old correspondent, Mr. Garlichs, who brought them from Germany last fall.

Die Birken und Erlen." Poem by Pfarrius. Composed for Solo and Chorus, Op. 8. Max Bruch.
Mrs. Bullet and Chorus.

Sonata in C minor for Piano and Violin. Beethoven.
Mr. H. Andres and Mr. Eich.

"Die Palmen von Bethlehem." (The palms of Bethlehem). Christmas song by H. Geibel, for Solo and Chorus Op. 5. H. Berthold.

Fantaisie Polonaise. Chopin.
Mrs. Bullet and Chorus.

"Ein Schütz bin ich," from the "Nachtlager in Granada." C. Kreutzer.
Mr. F. Werner.

New Year's Song, by Fr. Rückert. For Solo & Chorus.
R. Schumann.
Mr. Garlichs and Chorus.

The second and third of the pieces for solo and chorus went admirably. The first, "The Birches and Alders," a fine lyric, was not quite true to pitch in some places. But the shading in all was beautiful. The composer of the second, Berthold, is a follower of Schumann; earnest as he ought to be, looking up to such a master, and original withal. It is op. 5, and we may excuse a few chromatic sequences of chords that do not sound beautiful. But there is a promise in this piece of future clearness of harmonic thought, of melodious beauty and of rhythmic inspiration, which makes us expectant for coming compositions by this master. The New Year's Song by Schumann has been mentioned in your Journal. We may say that the effect on us was even stronger than at hearing it before. Works of genius grow upon the hearer. The Chorale at the close was too fast. But otherwise Mr. Andres showed himself again the tasteful leader and musician he is. He was not ably seconded in the C-minor Sonata for Piano and Violin which he played with Mr. Eich. Without intending to judge of the gentleman named last after a first hearing, we yet feel compelled to say that true intonation ought to be learned long before appearing in public. The violin may have been a poor one, but the tone was screechy; and we hope to hear the gentleman to better advantage next time. Mr. Werner, on the contrary, played his Fantaisie Polonaise with artistic beauty. There was inspiration, there was contrast and, in most cases, clearness. The difficulties of the piece (and we remember very well from many private hearings at the rooms of friend L—, how difficult it is) were not observable. Smooth, graceful or powerful, as the case might be, it went on "a thing of beauty and of joy." Mr. Curth sang: "Ein Schütz bin ich" from the *Nachtlager*, quite well. The *Erlkönig* was on the programme, however.

Following a time-honored German custom, the members of the Cecilia Society concluded the evening—indeed many went far into the next morning—with a dance, which was charming; at all events, "gemüthlich!"

On the evening of the 29th, Mr. L. C. Hopkins opened his new Music Hall by a private concert to invited guests, which is not a matter of public criticism; especially as your correspondent, though invited, was prevented from attending. To-day, the 30th, it was opened to the public by the first afternoon concert Cincinnati has enjoyed for years. Let us speak of the concert first.

Overture, from "Oberon." Weber.
Third Symphony in E flat major. Haydn.
Coronation March, from "The Prophet." Meyerbeer.
Quartet, for Piano, Cabinet Organ, Violin & Violoncello.
Geo. Schneider, H. J. Smith, H. Hahn, M. Brand.
Overture, "Semiramide." Rossini.

The programme, as you see, was quite good. We missed the overture. The orchestra had three rehearsals, considering which we ought to be satisfied. It was a good beginning. There was no phrasing, however. The conductor, Mr. Barus, will undoubtedly take great pains to improve this most essential requisite of musical elocution. Of course he knows that a page of poetry or prose would sound quite unintelligible, if commas and so forth were not heeded. Now, that is just what his orchestra wants to heed when they play again. And to do this, the several gentlemen need only look at the slur in their parts, and to accent the first note slurred, playing the last soft and short, and the effect will be quite different. However, we do not wish to find fault to-day. It was a beginning. The quartet was not bad. Indeed the Cabinet Organ sounded quite well, bating the fact that crescendos and diminuendos were very much wanted. Mr. Schneider, of whom we hope to report many good things, had only a few chords to play. As to the hall we have to find fault. It is oppressively gaudy. Imagine a floor yellow with arm-chairs, a wall tolerably quiet, and a ceiling that comes down upon an unsuspecting visitor with the weight of strong blue, yellow and red colors, and you may know that the laws of decoration—artistic decoration we mean—have been put in the condition normal to Mr. Quilp's shop-boy. We are accustomed to neutral tints in ceilings; we can stand a rich tint in walls, but under such circumstances we expect a darker and richer floor than either. That looking-glass on either side of the orchestra is another one of the terrors. Just imagine some 60 or 80 gas-lights reflected in your very eyes. As for Mr. Hopkins, we cannot sufficiently express our gratitude for his public-spirited enterprise. One of the most successful merchants of Cincinnati, he has been active in the good cause of music for many years, because he loves it. As President of the Harmonic Society he has been liberal, beyond precedent; and now he has built this hall, which seems to open a new home to classical music. How well sometimes good mother Nature endows her children, so that they may not only be apt to acquire, but also to use well their wealth. We sincerely hope that the cultivated public of Cincinnati will second this fine undertaking by liberal attendance. We also hope, that these concerts may consist in future of two parts: one of lighter, and one of classical music; and in the interest of the good cause we would urge that light music form the second part. Many, who to-day were enchanted with the Coronation March, would want their seats and so hear both the classical symphony and the equally classical Strauss Waltz. For a wonder, the grand was by Chickering. Mr. Steinway's agent seems to be a good deal more enterprising than Mr. Chickering's.

Great things are in store for Cincinnati;—(which does not mean the opera at present performing *Trovatore*, &c., but fine Chamber Concerts by Messrs. Kunkel and Hahn. We have seen the programme for the first, to come off Feb. 5th, and will only say, that it is most exquisite.

Private musical evenings have commenced again at the house of that patroness of musical art, Mrs. Rufus King. They of course are not subjects for criticism, but they are to be thankfully and gladly noticed, as promoting good taste and love for the beautiful. And as a proof that better things may be enjoyed there than the musical public of Cincinnati is favored with in concerts, let it be noted down here, that on the opening night, for the first time in Cincinnati, a song by Robert Franz was sung by one of the fair contributors to the enjoyment of the evening. We happen to know that it will not be the last one,

and that even father Bach will consent to lend some of his best pieces to grace future occasions. The *Kyrie a Capella* by Robert Franz was performed Dec. 19th, 1865, by the Harmonic Society, but never had any of his songs been heard here.

The Männerchor announces one of its regular Opera Seasons, to begin Feb. 17th with a Sacred Concert, and to continue through the week, when we shall hear "Undine" and "Oberon." We shall have occasion to speak of the performances in our next.

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BALTIMORE, Jan. 29.—In the midst of the turmoil of political strife we still give occasional attention to the harmony of sweet sounds, and what with Parcpa and Brignoli, the Italian and English Opera, Davies' Philharmonic Concerts, Prume and Habelmann, the Peabody Musical Lectures, and the Baltimore String Quartet Soirées, we have enjoyed quite a musical season.

PRUME, the violinist, is accepted here as a performer of the very best ability, and he played upon an instrument of rare truth and sweetness of tone. HABELMANN, the tenor, you know, as well as we, to be possessed of a noble voice, and his numbers are always rendered with true expression and with a manner of modest refinement not often met with in public singers.

The Peabody concerts,—two by an orchestra made up of professional musicians, led by Mr. DEEMS, with explanatory words from Mr. SZEMEL-ENYI, and one by the Lenschow Amateur Orchestra, (a very creditable organization) proved exceedingly agreeable entertainments. The exact horoscope of the Musical Department of the Peabody Institute has not yet been cast. Its design is too vast and utopian for realization, and I think, if it will confine itself to the formation, from local material, of a tolerably complete orchestra, and build up a thoroughly complete musical library for use and reference, it will do all that can be reasonably expected of it.

I send the programme of the third concert of the Baltimore String Quartet Club, held in a small room, but yet too large for the select few who like classical music to fill. The Club comprises: GIBSON (1st violin), SCHAEFFER (2nd violin), LENSCHOW (viola), JUNGICKEL (violinello), and is now giving a course of twelve weekly concerts. Gibson is an amateur, engaged in mercantile pursuits, but possessed of remarkable talent, and a true appreciation of the best music, and by his example and active interest has done much to help us forward in the true faith. The others are well known as masters in their high calling.

Mozart's Quintet (C major), with Scheidler as 2d viola, was given with good feeling and expression, but I do not think it is one of his best, although the third movement is very beautiful. Beethoven's Quartet (E flat, op. 16) was superbly played, and is a most delicious composition. The pianist, Miss FALK, a recent importation, is winning golden opinions by her firm touch, clear execution and expressive shading. Haydn's Quartet (F major, op. 74) was well played, but is not particularly interesting.

The Baltimore Amateur Musical Association, which has endeavored during the past few years to centralize and make useful the undoubted vocal talent among our people, failed to raise its head this season, and the energy and good spirit of its esteemed originator and manager are unused, or expended on some other work. FRITZ.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 16, 1867.

Concerts.

ERNST PERABO'S fourth "Schubert Matinée" (Jan. 31) was much the most interesting one of the series

so far, and the most worthy of the name it bears, for two reasons. First, the music was all by Schubert.

Sonata (in C Minor). Dedicated to Robert Schumann....
Songs. { a. "Every soul at rest is sleeping".....
 b. "Hark! hark! the lark".....
Rondo for four hands, (in D Minor), op. 84, No. 2.....
Song. "Barcarolle".....
Fantasia, four hands, (in F Minor). Op. 108.

Secondly, and of more account, the selections were more significant of Schubert's best power than any he had given us in the earlier concerts. The Sonata, especially, was for the first time one of the great ones. It appears in the collected piano works without opus number, as one of his "last compositions, finished the 26th of September, 1828." The "dedication to Schumann" it would be an anachronism to ascribe to Schubert himself; it was doubtless made later by the publisher,—a worthy compliment to the man who rescued the great Symphony in C from rubbish and oblivion. It is a sonata full of genius, sparkling with happy thoughts, solemnizing at times with calm and great thoughts, but oftener bearing you away on strong wing with resistless ardor. With the opening of the Adagio in A flat you begin to wonder if you are not with Beethoven, but the younger genius soon asserts his individuality. The Minuet and Trio, in which you seem smoothly, swiftly sailing through the air, catching but dreamy glimpses of the multifarious world below, was played, we thought, too fast, being marked only Allegro. The Finale, also Allegro, six-eight time with piquant accent,—that is, the main theme of the Rondo, for it has many curious, delightful episodes—went faster yet,—inconceivably fast we should say, if we had not actually heard it played so without the slightest scrambling, or unevenness, or indistinctness. It is a very long movement, and this perhaps justified the very rapid tempo in an artist who could play at that rate perfectly enough to make it seem quite natural to you despite the slower habit of your own pulse. It is a wonderful Finale and was wonderfully well played, as was indeed the whole Sonata. Finer pianism we have hardly had even from this young man, to whom execution is as easy as thinking or dreaming.

In the two four-hand pieces Mr. LANG played with Perabo; both very finely, although the two temperaments did not seem precisely matched in that sunshiny, graceful, even-running Rondo. The Fantasia proved one of the richest of the Schubert creations and was rendered to a charm.—The songs were sung by Miss CLARA M. LORING, a pupil of Mrs. Long, who more than confirmed the pleasant impression she made in one of Mr. Perabo's concerts last Spring, both as to pure, sweet, soulful quality of voice, good method, and chaste, refined expression. Seldom indeed, if ever, have we known so young a singer to seize so well the spirit of the Schubert songs; and here were three in marked contrast with each other. Mr. J. B. SHARLAND deserves credit for the accompaniments.

Mr. Perabo's fifth Matinée (next Thursday) will be a particularly rich one. Mr. DRESEL will play some Schubert Variations with him. For a Schubert Sonata, Perabo has chosen, what is equivalent to that, the Fantasia in G, in four movements, one of the noblest works. Besides this, the most difficult of all Beethoven's Sonatas, the great op. 106; and, with WULF FRIES, a Sonata Duo of Beethoven. Another young debutante will sing Cherubini's Ave Maria and Schubert's "Serenade."

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—The fifth SYMPHONY CONCERT (Friday afternoon, Feb. 1) had the largest audience of the season, and one of the most attentive, sympathetic and well pleased. This was the programme:

Overture to "The Water-Carrier".....Cherubini.
Piano-forte Concerto, op. 19, in B flat.....Beethoven.
First Symphony, in G minor, (op. 68).....N. W. Gade.
Schubert's Fantasia, op. 15, arranged for Piano and Orchestra, by.....Liszt.
Overture to "Ruy Blas".....Mendelssohn.

The Overtures were not new, and yet neither of

them so familiar as they should be to our public. That by Cherubini to the *Wasserträger* (called in France *Les deux Journées*) is a very noble and a brilliant composition, a model in its kind, a far greater work than the two we had had by him already in this series. Yet it appeared to impress the audience less when it was revived for once last winter. This time we think it was more appreciated, although in silence for the most part. It was played with spirit and precision, and the grandeur of the deep bass passages in the opening Adagio was unmistakable, notwithstanding that unfortunately two of our six double-basses were absent. Mendelssohn's "*Ruy Blas*" made an excellent conclusion: it is a thoroughly dramatic overture, full of fire and contrast. The short-breathed *staccato* episode in the middle, and the very pronounced piece of *cantabile* for bassoon, could not fail to arrest attention; and the whole grows to an exciting climax. The orchestra did themselves great credit in it. So they did too in the Gade Symphony, whose wild northern sea-shore spirit, calling, like fairies: "Come unto these yellow sands" in the Scherzo, musing and sighing with deep, sweet-sad feeling in the *Andantino* (which means here quite a slow movement), roaring and storming like northern blasts mingling with old Vikingir battle songs in the Finale, took hold of the imagination with a sure grasp as usual.

But the feature of especial interest was Mr. B. J. LANG's playing of that early Concerto of Beethoven, one which is commonly supposed, and justly, not to take rank with the three greater Concertos which he composed afterwards (Nos. 3, 4, and 5, in C minor, G and E flat—all given in these Concerts last year), one probably never before played in this country and seldom brought forward by pianists anywhere. It pleased far more than was expected. To be sure, the first movement sounds a little commonplace and thin for Beethoven, but it is genial, graceful, happy, full of Mozart-like suggestions, like much of his earlier writing; and it is really marked with new importance by the masterly Cadenza by Moscheles, which so ingeniously sums up and intensifies its motives, and which Mr. Lang brought out in strong light to the best advantage. The Adagio, not one of its author's greatest, is full of beauty and true feeling; and as the rich theme grows it puts forth flowers and tendrils which the pianist finished off with fine felicity. But the Rondo finale, quaint and piquant, is full of vitality, and became electric under Lang's touch. This too is Mozart-ish; at times you seem to hear the gay *Don Juan* music; but the unmistakable Beethoven is never far off. Mr. Lang really surpassed himself in this performance, which was not only one of the neatest possible and most artistic pieces of pianism, but one of the most genial and intellectual interpretations of a master. In the Schubert Fantasia he had room for greater breadth and power; it is a broad, large work as Schubert wrote it for piano alone; especially the opening, and the introduction of the "Wanderer" melody in great, full chords, and the working up thereof, all of which Mr. Lang made most impressive. But Liszt has not only brought in the orchestral forces with it, but has much expanded and embellished the piano part, making it a very effective piece and of great difficulty. Sometimes the Liszt gets the better of the Schubert, and for a while rather bedevils the music, as in some of those *tremolo* transitions, which smell too strong of sulphur and *Walpurgisnacht*. But for the most part he has only set the work in the strong light which it requires, and his orchestra relieves a certain stiffness which we have always felt in the last Allegro, which begins fugue-like.

[We must not take leave of this Symphony Concert without turning back to correct the strange carelessness which led us last time to give Mr. Fries the praise of the violoncello *obligato* passage in the Romanza of the Schumann Symphony. We knew well

enough that Fries that day was snowed up in the North, and that to Mr. A. SUEK belongs the credit of supplying his place so well.]

In the sixth concert (this week), CAMILLA URSO kindly comes to give us the Mendelssohn Concerto, which she was to have done on the 18th ult., had not the storm blocked her way. Mr. PARKER, as before arranged, supplies a Piano Concerto, by Hummel, in A minor. Consequently a short Symphony,—Mozart in D, commonly called the "French" one. Overtures to *Fierabras*, by Schubert, and the *Egmont*.

The Seventh Concert comes on March 1. Then both ROSA and MILIS will play; the former the *Chaconne* of Bach and the first movement of Beethoven's Violin Concerto; the latter a Concerto by Liszt and Chopin's Scherzo in B minor, op. 20. Mrs. J. S. CARY will sing an Aria from Bach's *Passion* music, with violin obligato by Rosa. The Symphony will be Beethoven's No. 8, and the only Overture that to *Iphigenia* by Gluck.

Mr. PARKER's VOCAL CLUB repeated their delightful concert to invited friends on the following Monday evening, Feb. 4. Fortunately for us, as it gives us opportunity to correct what we must have written in a strange state of unconsciousness, mechanically, with mind preoccupied by other topics crowding in and claiming also to be noticed. Verily in trying to get all in at such times, a poor editor may be writing of one thing, while thinking of another, as a musician reads a bar or two ahead of what his fingers are playing. Only so was it possible for us to ascribe Mrs. J. S. CARY's beautiful singing of the "Cradle Song" by Bach to another lady, whom to be sure we have hitherto associated much with Bach and with that song, but whose voice is not like the other's a contralto. Of course we knew that Mrs. Cary sang it, and were struck with its adaptation to her voice, and with the chaste, artistic style and the sincere expression with which she did it. The second time its beauty grew upon the listeners. To Mrs. HARWOOD belongs the praise, invariably hers, of singing the Franz songs, and whatever else she had to do, in a style to give the purest pleasure.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The third concert (Tuesday evening, Feb. 5) drew another crowded room-full at Chickering's. This was the musical matter:

Quintet in F. Op. 59. Rubenstein
Lento ed Allegro non troppo—Allegro—Andante assai
—Finale Allegro non troppo.
Concert Piece for Violin and Piano. T. Ryan
(Dedicated to Mr. Fries.
Messrs. Fries and Perabo).
Tenth Quartet in E flat Op. 74. Beethoven
Poco adagio ed allegro—Adagio—Presto—Allegretto
con variazioni.
Piano Trio, in E flat. Op. 100. F. Schubert
Allegro—Andante con moto—Scherzando—Finale
allegro moderato.
Messrs. Perabo, Meisel and Fries.

The Rubinstein Quintet, played once last year by the Club, improved somewhat upon acquaintance. Portions of it are striking; but the work hardly seemed to us to justify a great fame. It is well however to know something of what the younger writers are doing. Mr. RYAN's Concert Piece is melodious, rather Italian in style, pleasing for a while but growing rather diffuse as it prolongs itself. The great Tenth Quartet by Beethoven takes a marvellous hold upon feeling and imagination. It has several times been played by the Club in past years, but we never so enjoyed it and were so spell-bound by it before. The more do we regret our inability, even if we had room, to make any sort of a description of it, and therefore we forbear. It was uncommonly well played, and we think it might advantageously occupy a place again in the next concert.

The splendid Schubert Trio, fraught with many delightful memories, told with more vivid eloquence than ever. For of course the piano part was ren-

dered to the life by PERABO, and Messrs. MEISEL and FRIES entered equally into the spirit of it.

It was a delightful concert, and all must regret that only one more of the series remains, which, we are requested to say, will be given on the 19th, instead of the 5th, of March.

THE ORPHEUS MUSICAL SOCIETY assembled their friends, in overwhelming numbers, last Saturday evening, in the beautiful upper hall of the new Horticultural building. Naturally the three or four hundred "passive members" of the Club were more than singly, more than doubly, represented on such an occasion; there must have been some 1600 persons present, and a fine show it was of beauty and intelligence. By the return, with restored health, of Mr. KREISSMANN to his old post of conductor, the Orpheus feel at home again and seem to be animated with a new enthusiasm. The chorus numbered about forty voices, quite well balanced and well trained. For larger choruses they sang Schubert's 23d Psalm: "The Lord is my shepherd;" the Chorus of Priests from the *Zauberflöte*; a Chorus of Warriors (first time) from Ferd. Hiller's Oratorio "Jerusalem;" and finally the grand double chorus from *Edipus* by Mendelssohn. Mr. Leonhard accompanying on a Chickering Grand. For Part-songs, some *Reiterlieder* (Cavalry Songs) by Gade, and a Serenade by Marschner. Mr. KREISSMANN, whose voice never sounded more richly, warmly musical, sang Schumann's "Du meine Seele, O du mein Herz" (Dedication), putting the real fire into it, and with exquisite expression the "Frühlingsnacht." Verily we have no such interpreter of these choicest veins of German song. He also sang Schumann's *Liebesgarten* duet with Miss ADDIE RYAN, now his pupil, who has greatly improved in refinement of style and who surprised us by using the German language with such ease. She also sang alone two songs by Franz. "Wird er wohl noch meiner gedenken," and "Er ist gekommen" a good fiery counterpart to Schumann's "Widmung," in such a manner as to excite a very earnest recall.

Besides accompanying all this (except the part-songs) in right artistic-like manner, Mr. LEONHARD played Chopin's brilliant Scherzo in B minor (op. 20), and a lovely Cradle Song by Stephen Heller, admirably of course. There was also a fine Sonata-Duo of Beethoven, op. 30, No. 1, by Messrs. EICHBERG and LEONHARD. It was a capital concert; only the hall was over-crowded and hot, and so far as one could judge from that experience, not very favorable to sound.

On the same evening was a Complimentary Concert to Mr. J. L. HATTON, at Chickering's Hall, which we were unable to attend. But we were present in the spirit, and we desire to record our full sympathy with the compliment; for Mr. Hatton is one of the most complete musicians, best song writers, and most genial personages, that have ever figured in our musical world. He was an invaluable part of the late Bateman Concerts, and is associated with some of Boston's best musical doings seventeen years ago. We regret to lose him, but wish him a safe return to his English home and family, and long years yet of musical activities and joys. On this occasion Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS and Mr. P. H. POWERS sang for him, and, in the place of Sig. BRIGNOLI, Mr. WEILL gave some of his brilliant pianism. For the rest, the programme was vocal, embracing several of Hatton's ballads and part-songs, some of the "little fat man's" funny things among them.

Mr. HERMANN DAUM was much more successful in his second "BEETHOVEN MATINEE" (Tuesday, Feb. 12). The audience was large, the day favorable, and the programme (all from Beethoven) excellent.

The Sonata with 'Cello was particularly enjoyable, full of felicities as it is, and nicely played. It consists of an *Adagio*, an *Allegro molto* quickening into *Presto*, and a *Rondo Allegro*—unlike the usual Sonata order. The Piano Sonata in D is one which we do not remember to have heard in public, though it is very familiar to students of Beethoven in private. We

could wish the opening phrase, *Presto*, marked with clearer accent than Mr. Daum gave it; and indeed throughout the first and last movements a certain electric something was needed to point the phrases with more significance. The profoundly solemn and grand *Largo* made its impression well however. But the pianist showed to much the best advantage in the opening movement, the Scherzo, and the *Adagio* of the glorious Trio in B flat; for that he seemed to have reserved his energy; it flagged again somewhat in the Finale, like a spent swimmer; and indeed that is a task for a strong man. Mr. Daum is certainly a conscientious artist, and each trial of his wings shows progress.

Great interest was added to the concert by Mr. RUDOLPHSEN's singing of the three noblest of the six sacred songs which Beethoven set to words by Gellert. Many times we have suggested them to our public singers, but hitherto in vain. The impression they made this time will not be forgotten. The first two: "God, thy goodness," and "The Heavens are telling," are very simple, grand, religious strains, which, carried by so large a voice as Mr. Rudolphsen's and with such dignity and truth of style, were irresistible. The third, a Song of Repentance, is more elaborate, and much the most important of the six.

Musical Conservatories.

"BOSTON CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC" is the name of a new music school on a large scale, which went into operation last Monday, after short notice, in the new white marble building upon Tremont Street, partly occupied by Messrs. Mason and Hamlin. Its founder and director is Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, which is in itself a good guaranty of thorough, scientific teaching and artistic tone and influence. Associated with him already he has Mr. KREISSMANN as director of the Vocal Department (German School), and Mr. HUGO LEONHARD as director of the Piano department. All three are experienced, high-toned artists, who have co-operated ere now. Mr. HOWARD M. DOW takes the beginners at the Piano, and Mr. SOLON WILDER has charge of musical rudiments and reading at sight. Mr. EICHBERG himself teaches the Violin, as well as Harmony and Composition; Mr. A. SUEK, the Violoncello; Mr. JUNIUS HILL, the Cabinet Organ; Mr. ARBUCKLE, the Cornet; Mr. GOERING, the Flute; and other teachers will be provided for other instruments as the need may be.

The advantages of the Conservatory system, as here proposed, are mainly these:

1. Teaching by Classes, of four pupils in each case, and no more.
2. Cheap tuition. Indeed in many departments lessons are furnished, by good masters, at barely more than cost; so that there is all encouragement to talent with small means.
3. The chance to acquire musicianship, or at least a general knowledge of music as such, besides merely getting a little skill in singing or piano playing. Every pupil will attend the lessons in Theory, Harmony, &c., without additional charge.
4. The mutual inspiration which must spring up among a mass of students pursuing an artistic end together, in daily society of teachers who are artists, and with a pervading unitary tone and method. Under this head must be named the chances of hearing good music, and even of partaking in it, the social Chamber concerts, &c., which will naturally spring up.
5. The nursery it may be for raising up players of instruments for our orchestras. Already we are glad to learn that the Conservatory has a dozen Violin pupils, beginners; and even a class of older violinists, some of whom have played in orchestras, who come here to reform their habits of bowing, &c.

More advantages will readily suggest themselves. We have visited the rooms, five in number, fronting the Common, commanding an inspiring view, and furnished with simple, tasteful elegance. Already 130 pupils have entered their names.

Scarcely was the above announced, when by a sudden coup d'état a "NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY" dropped down from the clouds, captured the Music Hall, flooded Boston with grandiloquent Circulars, created "Professors" by the score, and, gathering up pupils fast, is ready to open next Monday. It is under the direction of Mr. EBEN TOURJEE from Providence, and Mr. ROBERT GOLDBECK from New York. Perhaps the more the merrier. But we must pause, observe and think.

CROWDED OUT: Letters from New Haven, and elsewhere; hints of good things coming, and a great deal more.

NEW YORK. German Opera appears to be "re-constructed" under its old impresario, Mr. GROVER. The singers, tired of divisions and of experiments in little squads upon their own account, have rallied around Grover again, showing a disposition to be tractable. Grover has taken the Olympic theatre, where, besides the artists who have lately been singing at the Thalia (Mlle. Naddi, Wm. Formes, &c.), he has again about him Johannsen, Frederici, Rotter, Himmer, Hermanns, &c., making together a really stronger company than that which made so good a beginning two or three years ago. The repertoire, too, bids fair to be fine, judging from this paragraph in a late number of the *Evening Post*:

Last night Mozart's "Magic Flute" was given at the Olympic. Mlle. Naddi, the prima donna of the French operatic company, achieved a decided success. Wilhelm Formes and Mme. Rotter sustained handsomely the parts of *Papageno* and *Papagena*. This evening we are to have the "Marriage of Figaro," on Friday evening the only repetition of "William Tell," and on Saturday afternoon, at a matinee, "Martha."

MARETZKE is to open the rebuilt Academy of Music early next month with a grand advertising flourish in the shape of a *bal d'opera*. Among the operas to lead off are mentioned the "Prophet," *L'Africaine*, and Petrella's *Carnevale di Venezia*. Cagnoni's *Don Bucefalo* is laid aside for the present. Miss Kellogg is to appear in a new role for her, *La Traviata*.

As for the French Opera, its members have mostly returned to France, finding no better end of troubles. The *Weekly Review* says:

French opera is no longer in existence, although the effort to revive it in the shape of "Orphée aux Enfers," which was made a week ago, may be called pretty successful, the cast being, in some respects, better than before, and there being even a sprinkling of clouds in the second act, which is played in Olymp. At the first performance the Olymp consisted of a common drawing-room. The opera was pretty well given, with the exception of the music, which seemed to be regarded as a secondary matter. There is no prospect of another revival of opera at the French opera-house.

A new Italian Opera enterprise is in the field, of which last Saturday's *Weekly Review* thus pleasantly advises us:

Signor Mora is quite a young man, who feels it to be his mission to give to the public the genuine article of Italian opera, in a style worthy of the great maestros of his country. Signor Mora, we believe, is the organist of Zion Church, and an industrious composer. Sixteen operas which he has written have been hitherto lost to the admiration of the world; and numberless Oratorios, Masses, and Motets will be discovered among the valuable worldly goods which Signor Mora will bequeath to his heirs. Signor Mora is supported by some gentlemen whose keen perception has convinced them that the young Italian is the coming man, and, in fact, the only one to bring back the old and glorious times of Italian opera, and they have therefore put at the disposition of the neophyte impresario the modest sum of from one and a half to four million dollars. We confess that we should hesitate to believe that there are such magnanimous people in existence in times like the present, when money is rather scarce, but since Signor Mora himself is the source of our information, we must put aside our surprise and be solely delighted.

The season will be commenced at the French Theatre, and be continued, if the vast sum of money is not expended before, during three or four months. The artists whom Signor Mora has been so fortunate as to engage are almost all without exception well known in New York. They are Miss Phillips, Signor Irfre, Signor Fortuna, and Signor Milleri, besides the prima donna, Sgra. Giuditta Altieri, a lady of whom we had occasion to speak favorably some weeks ago.

Sgra. Altieri is the wife of Mr. Oscar Pfeiffer,

and arrived in this city, from Rio Janeiro, some six weeks since. She was educated in Milan, and has enjoyed a very good name as an artist both in Italy and South America. The public of Rio Janeiro is a very critical one, and it is not easy there to make a great hit. Sgra. Altieri, however, seems to have accomplished this feat, if we may trust the various news-papers of Rio Janeiro, which speak in glowing terms of the young lady's performances. She is certainly very pretty, highly intelligent, and possesses great dramatic talent.—She will make her debut in "La Traviata," which is said to be one of her best parts. We sincerely hope, in the interest of all concerned in this enterprise, that the old saying, "Periculum in Mora," will not prove true this time.

The PAREPA Concerts, under Mr. Harrison's management, seem to be very successful. We read of audiences of from 2,000 to 3,500 persons. A "Wallace night" was the feature of last week, when the programme was wholly made up from that lamented composer's works. A Mendelssohn and a Mozart night, a Beethoven and a Weber night, are expected to follow. Carl Rosa and Mills, as well as Parepa, are continual themes of praise among the critics. It said that Mr. Harrison, among his multifarious plans, will give, with the aid of Mme. Parepa, and of the Cecilia Choir and the Harmonic Society, under the direction of F. L. Ritter, the oratorios of the "Messiah," "Samson," "Judas Maccabæus" and "Elijah."

FARMINGTON, CONN.—As regularly as the season, come to us the annual pair of programmes of classical chamber music given at Miss Porter's young Ladies' School, where Mr. CARL KLAUSER is musical director, by artists from New York or other cities. These now before us, of Feb. 8th and 9th, are up to the high standard which has prevailed there for years. The artists were Messrs. MASON, THOMAS and BERGNER (piano, violin and cello), who performed, on Friday: Beethoven's E-flat Trio, Op. 1, No. 1; a Salon-piece for Violin by Spohr; *Lieder ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn; Schubert's E-flat Trio, op. 100. On Saturday: Trio in B flat by Beethoven—not the great one, but the op. 11, containing the variations on an Italian air; Andante from Mendelssohn's 'Cello Sonata in B flat; piano pieces (*Phantasie-Stücke* and *Nocturnes*) by Schumann; Trio in C minor, op. 103, by Raff.

ST. LOUIS.—The third Philharmonic Concert, Jan. 31, A. WALDAUER Conductor, offered the following selections: Overture to "Tell;" *Sanctus* and *Benedictus* (solo and chorus) from Weber's Mass in E-flat; Sextour by Onslow, op. 77, for piano, flute, clarinet, horn, cello and doublebass; two four-part songs by Mendelssohn;—Andante and Minuet from Schubert's Symphony in C; Quartet for male voices: "Good night," by Hatton; Polonaise from Meyerbeer's *Struensee*; Scena and chorus from *Semiramide*.

HOW BEETHOVEN SAVED A MUSICAL DIRECTOR FROM IMPRISONMENT.—For some reason best known to themselves, the Hanoverians, since the military occupation, call their new countrymen, the Prussians, by the euphonious name of Cuckoo. At a concert at the "Hof Theater" the Pastoral was performed. The Baroness Voight-Rheetz, wife of the Prussian military governor, and suite were present. When the clarionets in the Scene by the Brook uttered those two disloyal tones d-b-flat, and even reiterated them, the Baroness indignantly rose and left with her train. The next morning our unlucky director was called before the military tribunal and accused of wilful disloyalty to the ruling power. Fortunately for him, he could prove by the score, that those disagreeable cuckoo-calls had been put in the original some time before the Hanoverians became Prussians, and he was saved.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Incline thine ear to me. Quartet. *L. Southard.* 60
Another of the "Morning and Evening" series, and very acceptable.
- Hey ho! My bonnie lad. Scotch. *P. H. Atkinson.* 30
Very pretty, and quite fresh and new.
- Bethlehem. Nativity song. *Gounod.* 30
Quite simple, and very sweet.
- On a summer even. Song. *G. W. Marston.* 30
Serenade. " " " 30
The words are by Harriet Prescott, whose quaint lines are very pleasing. The one who went out "gathering pancies" on a "summer even," was well employed, as was the serenader who gazed on the sparkling stars.
- O father, dear father, come down with the stamps. Song. *Wilder.* 30
This composer gets "Wilder" and "Wilder" in his comicalities. To see the point of this joke, "come down with the stamps" and buy the song.
- The murmuring sea. Song. *W. Ganz.* 40
I seek for thee in every flower. " 30
Two songs such as Parepa sings with so much success. Pretty easy, and effective.
- I have kissed thee in my dreams. Ballad. *L. W. Wheeler.* 30
Beautiful melody, and in good taste throughout.
- Guardian Angel. Song. *C. Gounod.* 30
Semi-sacred, and very pleasing.
- Change. Ballad. *W. T. Wrighton.* 30
Love's good morrow. Song. *S. Reay.* 30
Blossoms of Spring. Ballad. *G. Caskin.* 30
Three fine songs or ballads, the first a little melancholy, the second a charming "good morrow song," and the third very elegantly welcoming the now coming season.

Instrumental.

- Young Maennerchor's Grand March. *Mueller.* 35
Powerful and brilliant, and the "Young Men's Choir" will no doubt step out to the music with a deal of satisfaction.
- Bolero, d' apres Victor Masse, for piano. *W. Kuhe.* 75
La Pensée. Galop brilliant. *F. Guzman.* 60
Although by different authors, these two may be classed together, as being brilliant and effective pieces, founded on "dance music;" and of some little difficulty.
- Pot Pourri. "Crispino e la Comare." *H. Cramer.* 75
Poor Crispino has fallen into a Pot Pourri, it seems, and one presided over by a most vigorous "stirrer." Bad for him, but well for us, since here is a compound of an unusual number of good melodies, which are skillfully united.
- Polly Perkins Quadrilles. *C. Coote.* 75
"As beautiful as a butterfly," throughout, with well-known and favorite melodies.
- Finlander's Dance. "Shells of Ocean." *E. Mack.* 30
A very peculiar tune, easy and useful.
- Mynheer van Dunk. *B. Richards.* 50
Also, quite peculiar, but good, and brings the freshness of a new sensation to those who play it.
- Wiener Bon-bons Waltzes. *J. Strauss.* 75
Up and Down Galop. *C. Faust.* 35
Faust galops us over the hills and dales very merrily to Vienna, where Strauss serves up his Bon-bons with brilliant waltz accompaniment.
- Muriel Valse. *Tinney.* 40
Has unusual depth and richness, with sufficient brilliancy.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

